

Trope: Coffee Shop AU (Hannigram AU)

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by [TigerPrawn](#)

Summary

Will has lost his teaching job thanks to being an 'unstable omega', and his cousin Adam helped him find work in a coffee shop. As it turns out Will is a terrible barista who can't make a drinkable cup of joe and is lacking in any kind of customer service skills. When he loses his shit at a snobbish alpha, he may have found that his greatest nemesis is no longer a pumpkin spiced latte, but one Doctor Hannibal Lecter.

Now with prequel - [Trope: Coffee Shop AU \(Spacedogs\)](#).

Notes

Beta'd by the amazing Victorine - thanks lovely <3

Chapter 1



“Uh Will... there’s a man that wants to talk to you.” Adam’s voice was small and gentle, much like Adam usually was. Even so Will took in a steadying breath and tried to push down the annoyance he knew he should contain better, that he shouldn’t really feel at all. It wasn’t Adam’s fault he hated this job. In fact, without Adam he wouldn’t have a job at all. After being let go from teaching at Quantico for being too *unstable* his cousin had somehow convinced his crazy ass husband to let Will have a job at their coffee shop. Which was ridiculous in itself, Will never drank anything beyond the blackest, strongest stuff he could find, so making lattes and even flat whites, did not come naturally.

But, with Halloween a few days away, he longed for those times when the worst he had to deal with was a triple, venti, half sweet, non-fat, caramel macchiato. Because no matter how the fuck he did it, he could not produce a drinkable pumpkin spice latte if his life depended on it.

“Look, if it’s about the latte, you’ll have to wait. Adam will be free in a minute and he can make you a perfect fucking pumpkin spice latte,” he told the customer without looking up from the back counter he’d been wiping down.

He didn’t even realise he swore until he heard Adam gasp.

Will winced and looked around then, taking in the alpha stood on the other side of the front counter, and puffed out a breath without even thinking. He pushed his glasses higher up his nose, his shield. Obviously an alpha. Even if Will hadn’t been able to scent him over the aroma of coffee beans, just the entire vibe he had about him screamed alpha. Yes, obviously an alpha because Will was a week off his heat and the very presence of this seemingly perfect specimen in front of him had him horny. And angry. Because he fucking hated that all it took this close to his heat to get his blood up, was some halfway decent looking alpha, who smelled divine.

“What do you want?” Will snapped in ire, reflecting that at least he managed to keep the curse word he’d wanted to use out of the sentence. He was prepared to fuck up another spiced pumpkin latte. He wasn’t prepared for his name being bellowed through the kitchen hatch. He looked over to see Nigel leaning through and glaring. Adam was apologising to the customer as Will headed into the kitchen for his third reprimand of the day.

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Will shouldn’t have been surprised that he had been fired. Especially after such a loud shouting match with Nigel in the kitchen that most of the customers must have heard. And that hadn’t been the first time either. He knew he was a punk and the shittiest employee ever, but he just figured he’d never get fired for it - he was family.

Adam didn’t say a word but gave him a sad look, that bordered on disappointment, as he left through the back.

Will felt pretty bad about that. He shouldn’t have fucked up, Adam deserved more than that, had been there for him since forever. The stable influence in his life. His only family since Will’s dad had passed. He was just considering going back in and apologising, even if he didn’t get his job back, when he saw the alpha he had cursed at leaving the front of the cafe.

Will was overcome by the urge to do... something. Anything. He stalked up to the man.

“Hey. Hey you.” The alpha stopped and turned, takeaway cup in hand. “I got fucking fired thanks to you!” Will found the words aggressively jumping out as he headed the man off.

And the alpha looked at him, such a cold look. Annoyed. Goddamn it looked like there was disappointment there too! Then his mouth curved slightly and sharp teeth were revealed as he spoke - “You are very rude.”

The alpha turned and walked away on long, strong legs that Will couldn’t help but admire. He shook the thought, along with the entire encounter, from his mind. What did some jerk alpha know anyways?

He went back into the coffee shop and apologised to Adam and Nigel before heading home.

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The next day Will was on the late shift. It was punishment, Adam had told him when he called the previous evening to tell Will he had one more chance. Only one more, and to stop being an ass or Nigel would kick it - clearly Nigel’s words. What could Will say, he was grateful for them, for the job even if he did hate it. And the late shift wasn’t so bad on weekdays, mostly quiet, just a cold walk home now that autumn was setting in, but this close to his heat it was practically refreshing.

It was an hour before closing when he started to clean down the tables. No one had been in for a while other than for takeaways, so it seemed a better use of his time. He wanted to show Adam and Nigel he was worth that second chance. Even if technically it was around a 14th chance, but he wasn’t going to remind them of that.

He didn't turn immediately when the bell on the door rang as it was opened, continuing to run a cloth over a table, until he caught that scent. First he breathed it in deeply and felt it warm him through. Stirring his chest and loins equally. And then he cursed at himself quietly, cursed his biology again, and cursed the jerk alpha he knew the scent belonged to.

When he turned to the man, trying to resolve his face into a non-expression and not the mixture of contrition and contempt that he felt, he was met with a surprised smile.

"Not fired? Perhaps I am owed an apology?"

Will grit his teeth and remained silent as he moved back behind the counter and wiped his hands on his apron.

"What can I get you?" he mumbled, keeping his eyes low, in part from embarrassment but also to try and kill off the feeling that smile was giving him in his dick. Unstable omega, yup. Too much imagination, that was his problem. And right now he was having a hard time not imagining that jerk's mouth on his cock. "I can try a pumpkin spiced latte, but I promise nothing drinkable."

"I am not a fan of the beverage, though I heard it was especially good here."

Will did look up at that. "But...that's what you ordered yesterday and got me fired!" His tone was hard, not swayed by that smile which was now accompanied by raised eyebrows.

"No, it was what you presumed my order to be." One eyebrow dropped, leaving the one arched and smug. "I actually ordered the orange hot chocolate. I would like the same now please, to go." Both eyebrows had returned to normal position, but the smug smile remained.

Will huffed a reply and turned to the counter. "Do you want to take a seat whilst you wait?"

"No, I feel I should enjoy watching you work, appreciate it, in case you are fired again." The alpha's voice was smooth but tinged with humour. Will clenched his jaw, his shoulders tensing, but he said nothing in response.

It took a few minutes to make the hot chocolate and pass it across the counter to the waiting alpha who picked it up and held it under his nose. He took in a deep inhale as he raised his eyes to meet Will's, a glint there as he said - "Smells delicious." The words practically purred out.

Will ground his teeth again and tried not to squirm as his dick stirred. The fucking asshole knew just what he was doing. Who did that? Who scented an omega, could probably tell his heat was close, and then teased like that.

There was a deep amusement in the alpha's eyes as he took a sip of the chocolate. His smile faltered after a moment though, his entire expression settling into distaste as he placed the cup down. "This is dreadful. This really isn't your calling, perhaps rehiring you was a mistake." The words were light and he was clearly teasing, but it still stung.

“Huh! And you called me rude.” Will huffed out the words with a small snarl. “Just... Can you just leave?” His tone trailed off into exasperation.

The alpha’s eyes narrowed for a moment and then he gave a curt nod, turned and walked out the door. Will glared after the asshole, hoping he’d seen the last of him and hating that the sight of him inhaling Will’s scent kept playing over in his mind.

It took a lot of strength for Will to decide it was unprofessional to lock up early and jerk off in the bathroom, no matter how much he wanted to. The walk home didn’t feel as cold as usual, given the pace he kept - his aching dick telling him the faster he got home the better. The much better.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Will learns to make the best cup of hot chocolate.

The next evening was a little busier, there had been some kind of parent-teacher event at the school a couple of blocks away, so there were a few families in search of warmth on their way home. Will grimaced as he watched patron after patron make faces at his efforts. It looked like he'd mostly got away with the americanos and the flat whites. But the recoil from the pumpkin spice lattes was embarrassing. Though not quite as horrifically embarrassing as the amount of children who turned up their noses rather vocally at the awful hot chocolate to shushes from their parents.

No one complained. It was that kind of neighbourhood. They were just polite - forced some down and left. No tips.

Will stood behind the counter scrubbing his hands roughly over his face when the last of them was gone. He let out a low groan of anguish at his complete inability to do the job Adam had been so kind to help him out with. At this rate he was going to lose them all the local business, maybe that was why they'd put him on the quieter shifts.

He must have missed the bell through his groan because he didn't hear anyone enter, and was only made aware of his company when he heard a throat being cleared just a brief moment after catching a scent. That scent. That alpha. He couldn't even hide the weary sigh he let out before opening his eyes. Hating and wanting the guy in equal measures was exhausting.

"You can't possibly want me to make you a drink." Will said before the alpha could open his mouth. That mouth that curved into that smile again.

A curt head shake - "No. Indeed. The thought is nothing short of ghastly. I thought that I'd rather make one for you." That smile, smirk that it was, softened and the alpha's eyes glowed.

"I... What?"

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"Will, this is amazing." Adam's usually flat tone lilted a little, he was apparently that surprised. Will winced and felt his face redden.

"No need to sound so surprised," Will muttered.

Adam looked at him then, the sort of look that usually preceded being told the god's honest truth - "Will, your hot chocolate is awful. Not as bad as the pumpkin spice latte, but... you

can barely make a drinkable americano and they are difficult to get wrong-”

“Ok, ok I get it.” Will raised his hands in placation to stop his cousin going on with his list of reasons why it was quite frankly ridiculous that Will still had this job. He didn’t really need anyone to remind him that he was completely incapable as barista and his customer service skills were non-existent.

He’d come into work a couple of hours early so he could still catch Adam and Nigel and try out his newly learned skills.

“How did you do this?” Adam asked.

Will felt the flush crawl up his neck, over his cheeks and to the tips of his ears as he remembered the previous evening. The alpha taking off his coat and gloves and moving around the counter. Will had been too surprised to stop him as he undid the apron Will was wearing and put it on himself. His fingers had grazed the back of Will’s neck as he had lifted the loop of the apron up and over. It had made Will shudder, and part of him didn’t even care if the alpha noticed. Even so, he had moved willingly from behind the counter, away from the alpha, when he had shooed him around to the other side. And then the alpha made him the best cup of hot chocolate he’d ever had in his life, whilst they talked about autumn and chocolate and the popularity of pumpkin spice lattes.

“Alright then, Will. Now you come and try,” the alpha had said. Will had startled at first that he knew his name, and then was reminded of the nametag on his apron, which was now right in front of his eyes, covering the alpha’s broad chest.

Will wasn’t one of those meek omegas, those stereotypes you always see in the romcoms, but even so he couldn’t help the almost coy-seeming hesitation he felt at going back behind the counter and close to the alpha. He had stopped being angry at the effect the alpha was having on him, and moved to worried instead. Worried that he had stopped being angry. Worried that this alpha was getting under his skin - something he really had no interest in. Being unstable and recently demoted from professor to barista was not something he wanted to offer up to anyone. His life was a mess.

He’d been lost in those thoughts until the alpha had moved to stand directly behind him. He’d found a spare apron on the back counter and was now tying that one around Will, fingers grazing his neck again, which stole his breath for a moment. The alpha stayed behind him, moved even closer as he practically pressed Will to the counter and caged him in his firm arms which were then reaching for the ingredients and demonstrating to Will how he had made the hot chocolate.

Will had tensed at every movement, the scent of the alpha so close it was entirely distracting. He felt like there was a clock in his head, all bent out of shape and misnumbered, but all the same counting down the remaining few days until his heat was due. Ticking loudly with every inhale of the alpha’s scent.

After making the first cup like this and starting on the second the alpha finally spoke more than the guiding instructions he’d been giving- “You are too tense Will. Think of making the beverage as a work of art, you are creating something for others to enjoy, you must let

yourself flow into it, give away a part of yourself.” The words, the mouth speaking them, getting closer and closer to his ear. One of the alpha’s hands slipped from the mug he had placed on the counter to Will’s hip as he practically nuzzled Will’s ear. “You’d be much more comfortable if you relaxed with yourself.”

At that Will had jumped. It was too much, this was very much too much in every sense of the word. His skin was tingling in a way it never had before and the whole thing had been inappropriate before they had even begun making the hot chocolate.

“I... I don’t know what this is... what you think you are doing... I... think you should leave!” Will had managed to stammer out. The alpha was already taking off the apron and quickly collecting his own things.

“In case you would like further instruction.” He had said, removing a business card from his pocket and leaving it on the counter. Will didn’t glance down at it until the door had closed behind the alpha ~ Dr Hannibal Lecter.

The memories made him blush harder but Adam didn’t comment. “Uh, I had professional help.”

Adam nodded at this. “Well, it’s really good. You should get them to help you with your pumpkin spice latte too.”

Will had smiled wanly and told Adam he was going for a walk in the park to get some air before his shift started. The autumn chill certainly helped cool his skin but he had started to notice that pull within him, the tightness in his belly - his heat would be on schedule from the looks of it.

Maybe that was why he waited eagerly for the alpha to return to the shop that evening. Why he closed up 40 minutes late whilst trying to fool himself that the tables needed to be cleaned for the third time that hour.

The alpha never came.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Hannibal returns at an opportune moment.

The next day he arrived early again, only enough to have a quick chat with Nigel in the kitchen. He was making another batch of his Romanian bread dessert that Will never acquired a taste for but seemed to sell well in the shop - *cozonac*.

“So... Just to confirm, I won’t be in from tomorrow.” Will said it matter of factly, he knew he didn’t owe his boss an explanation, but Nigel was Adam’s husband and he really did like the guy even if they rubbed each other the wrong way at work sometimes. He needed to make this effort to be an accommodating and good employee, especially after his recent behaviour - rude, or so he’d been told.

“Sure.” Nigel nodded and then smiled as a thought dawned on him- “I’m just glad yours and Adam’s cycles never synced up, otherwise we’d have to close the shop the whole week.” He let out a light laugh which Will returned knowing the alpha was just trying to make things as easy as possible.

By the time Adam and Nigel left for the evening, the place was practically empty. Adam had put up some more Halloween decorations - now little paper pumpkins were pinned to the counter, as well as the “Happy Halloween” lettering in the window. Will smiled, he loved this time of year - the cool air was so different in Baltimore than the oppressive heat he grew up with in Louisiana. He’d loved autumn from the moment he’d bought his place out in Wolf Trap.

He’d been lost in those thoughts when the bell rang and a young man, student probably, walked in. He glanced at the menu above the counter first and then seemed to catch something in the air and turned a smile on Will.

Oh god, not this. At least with his own students, who had thankfully never found his new place of work, they were used to an omega teacher and politely concealed any reactions to his changing scent when his heats neared.

“What can I get for you?” Will asked, trying to force a small smile.

The young alpha licked his lips, his eyes not leaving Will for a moment. Completely trained on him in that unconsciously predatory way younger, unmated alphas had. He moved up to the counter and leaned against it, nonchalantly crushing one of Adam’s paper pumpkins. Will frowned at the pumpkin and then at the alpha.

“Watch yourself,” he scolded, but the alpha didn’t really take it in.

“I’d like a latte to go... and...” The alpha hesitated and Will could easily tell that his attempt at coyness was an affectation. “When do you get off? I could drive you home... it’s a cold night.”

“I’m good thanks,” Will replied as kindly as he could as he began making the latte. He had rebuffed enough alphas in his time, but their frequency had certainly increased whilst he’d been in the service industry. No wonder Nigel and Adam had mated so quickly - Nigel would have wanted to spare Adam from this sort of interest.

“Are you sure? I could be really... I’d treat you really good.” The alpha was practically drooling as he leaned forward, the pumpkin now completely destroyed.

“Look, I’m not-” his aggressive retort died on his lips as the bell rang again and the alpha walked in. His alpha. No not his. The one who had been coming by. To see him. No, not to see him... maybe. Hannibal Lecter-

“Doctor Lecter.” The young alpha greeted the older with a little surprise, standing straight and away from the counter.

“Hello Josh, it’s nice to see you. How did the exam go?” Lecter asked, not once glancing at Will though he could feel the alpha in the room like a warming heat radiating towards him.

Will finished up the latte and pushed it across the counter as the younger alpha replied. “Great, yeah. We get the results on the 8th.”

Lecter nodded and gave a supportive smile. “Feel free to drop by and discuss the results once you have them, there is always room for improvement in all of us. You know my office hours.”

The younger alpha nodded and smiled, turning the smile on Will as he picked up his latte. It was a defeated smile and Will wondered what sort of secret alpha communication had just subtly happened between the two men. Either way he wasn’t sure how he felt about it. So he just gave the young man a curt nod, it was returned as he left.

Will swallowed thickly and turned to wipe down the counter as Lecter approached. He didn’t look up but could hear the alpha had picked up the crushed paper pumpkin and was trying to mould it back into shape.

“Hot chocolate?” Will asked, still not looking up. He wasn’t going to thank the man for seeing off the other alpha, he could have handled it himself. But, the gesture sunk into him, into his bones and gut and he realised he liked it even if he wasn’t going to admit it aloud - like the feeling of being claimed. Something he’d always found annoying and backward, but for this alpha... who didn’t tiptoe around his rudeness and made more effort than anyone ever had, if that’s what this was?

“No, I rather think it’s time I tried the pumpkin spice latte I hear so much about. Perhaps you can change my mind about it.” He could hear the smile in those words as the paper continued

to rustle.

“So... uh, you’re a professor?” Will asked, his throat dry and palms sweaty as he started to pull out the ingredients for the abomination he was about to create.

“Currently yes, I teach at John Hopkins, I trained as a medical doctor, but at the moment I am enjoying passing my expertise onto others.” Will could tell the smile was gentle and warm even before he looked up and returned his own.

It was hard to continue to be surly and rude to someone once you knew something about them, once they were a person and not just some jerk that came in to wind him up, because that’s what it really was, right? Even so, he had to admit to himself that the doctor’s smile was disarming.

He cleared his throat and looked down at the paper pumpkin in the alpha’s hands, trying to ignore the little skip his heart may have just made. “And, uh... how is the patient?”

Lecter looked down and turned the pumpkin over in his hands, showing the crushed side was still very much flat. “Beyond my expertise, I’m afraid. A very sad loss.”

Will nodded his agreement, “He was too pure for this world,” and basked in the amused smile that brought to the alpha’s face.

Will cleared his throat. He plucked the pumpkin from Lecter’s hands and tossed it into the bin before turning back.

“So... um, you didn’t come by yesterday, so don’t expect much from this latte. You should have taught me how to make it properly last night.” Will thought the words out in his head before he said them yet said them anyway, whilst still trying to ignore that he might be interested in this alpha.

Lecter smiled gently. “I had a meeting at the university, I didn’t think you’d be waiting on me... Though I hoped...”

Will smiled then, completely unbidden and unable to control it. “I thought you were teasing me.” He found himself admitting.

A lopsided grin from the alpha then. “Maybe that was a consideration. Absence makes the heart grow fonder they say.”

“Oh.” Will found the alpha’s words jarring even if they didn’t feel wholly unexpected. Or unwanted? Was that what this was? Was the alpha trying to court him? “I thought... I just thought you were being a jerk and trying to make me uncomfortable because I’m... you could scent...” Will’s words died on his tongue and he rubbed his hand roughly over his neck before he realised he was doing it. Before he saw Lecter’s nostrils flare at the scent he had inadvertently swirled into the air around them by his actions.

Lecter bit his lip and swallowed before he continued. “Not at all Will, I... Can I tell you something? I hope you won’t be offended?”

Well that didn't sound good, but Will nodded anyway.

"We have met before. Almost met, I should say. I attended one of your public lectures at Quantico with some of my students interested in forensic medicine-"

"Oh god!" Will felt his face warm. He just wanted the ground to swallow him up. He wasn't ashamed of who he was, and that was how he'd gone from being professor to barista, but it wasn't something he'd want an interested alpha to know about him. Better just an incompetent barista who likes to fix boat motors, a simple guy with lots of dogs - than unstable, over-imaginative, problematic ex-professor.

"Please Will, don't be embarrassed. I enjoyed your lecture, you're very talented. I wanted to discuss some points with you after but you left too quickly. One of your colleagues told me you didn't particularly like social situations... so I was surprised when I thought I recognised your scent when I passed here last week. It took me a few days to get up the nerve to come in and talk with you... and I'm sorry but in that time I did look into your career." He looked completely contrite and lowered his eyes. "An intrusion I know, but I didn't want to put my foot in it, as they say. The day I finally came in I asked your colleague if I could speak with you - I wanted to discuss your giving a talk to my students... and maybe getting to know you if I am totally honest. What I read of your career, you're so knowledgeable... in criminology at least." He nodded with a smile towards the coffee mug gripped tight in Will's hands.

"God! And I was so rude to you. How embarrassing... I'm the damn jerk!" The realisation hit Will harder than it should have, because really he knew he was a prick most of the time.

Hannibal smiled and waved it away with his hand. "If I'm honest, it was a confirmation at least that you were indeed the man who I had... grown interested in. I'm sorry if everything since has seemed like teasing. To a degree yes, but I... I was a little nervous. I could have possibly handled things better. Maybe asked you on a date." He started biting his lip again as he looked expectantly at Will.

Will wasn't quite sure how to respond or what to feel. He'd gone from hating the man for making him feel so stereotypically omega to finding he was practically being stalked... and felt completely ok with that.

"I... thanks? I guess?" He winced at his own reaction. "I'm not great with people... On the rare occasions I do get asked out, I don't really... I don't really date."

"Oh." The disappointment was obvious, it hurt Will a little and he realised how what he'd said had sounded.

"But you... um, I... Oh damn, I'm so terrible at these things-"

"Maybe I could come back tomorrow after you finish and we can have an after hours latte? Just here in the shop, talk a little more? I've enjoyed talking with you."

"Um, ok..." Will was smiling as he nodded, eager. Very eager. But then he realised. "No, wait! I can't tomorrow." He had the whole day planned already to buy food, cook food, get his house all set up for his heat, drop the dogs at the sitter.

“The next day then?”

“I can’t... you... you know I can’t, right?” Will gave a quizzical look, there’s no way he hadn’t scented his heat so close. No way that hadn’t on some level fed into his teasing even if he hadn’t known it.

Lecter blushed then as he realised his error. “Oh! Of course, I didn’t mean that... No, I didn’t mean to suggest... I do apologise. That was rather foolish and inappropriate of me. Perhaps it would be best if I just await your call? You have my card?”

“Sure.” Will smiled. “So... In the meantime... I need to start over with this latte, and you might need to help me if you want it anywhere near drinkable.”

Lecter grinned and was already shrugging out of his coat.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Will goes into heat and the inevitable, inevitably, happens.

The whole day - whilst Will shopped, prepared food, took the dogs for a long walk and then to the sitter - it felt like Hannibal Lecter's card was burning a hole in his pocket. He kept patting it to see if it was still there. He felt sort of comforted to know that it was, which initially pissed him off - why does even such a small thing have to mean so much to an omega? Biology sucked. And yet, the thought of having the man, his scent, with him during his heat was tantalising. Something he'd never in the least bit desired before was now an all-consuming thought.

By the time the late afternoon rolled around and he knew - could feel - that he had only a few hours left before he started to go into full heat, he pulled out the card and played it over in his hands. He wasn't going to call. It would be worse than rude and inappropriate. Even if he couldn't get the alpha out of his mind. Even if the night before he'd helped him make his first drinkable pumpkin spice latte. Even if, after hours of laughing and standing close and light touches, they had shared a chaste kiss on the steps outside the coffee shop after Will locked the door. Even if he'd muttered "Happy Halloween" against Will's lips and Will couldn't help but agree that it was.

But, Will wasn't going to call. No, he definitely wasn't.

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"How does a medical doctor know so much about making coffee anyway? Did you pay your way through medical school with barista jobs? Because that will blow the hot fantasy I have of you working through med school as a stripper." Will grinned around his words as he sprawled across his bed, head resting on the alpha's chest, hand playing lazily in the hair there.

The chest under him heaved in a low rumbling laugh that warmed him and made him smile all the more. It was weird feeling so comfortable with someone he hadn't known that long. In fact, Will barely felt comfortable with people he'd known most of his life. But then maybe that was what happened when you heat-dialed an alpha and they rushed straight over to help you out. He couldn't imagine what the connection might be like if they'd actually knotted, or even if they bonded.

Rushed right over was an exaggeration. It had been a long conversation where Will had had to be the most persuasive he could possibly manage - logical arguments winning out over

attempted seduction. Which he had assumed might be the case with the doctor and had been correct.

They had discussed everything of course when he was still semi-lucid. Not that he ever lost full control anymore - he'd been through enough heats in his life to retain that at least. In fact he knew all he really needed was his knotting toy and a couple of tubes of lube to see him through. But instead he had called the alpha. Fantasised about, debated over, then masturbated over, and then finally called.

If anything Hannibal - as Will now called him, because it seemed wrong to not be on first name terms no matter how many times he'd cried out "Doctor Lecter" as he was cumming - had been hesitant. He'd not wanted to take advantage of Will and equally had not wanted to be taken advantage of, used. When Will explained he just wanted to spend his heat with someone, with Hannibal in particular, because it just felt so damn inevitable that they might as well skip to the end - he had set the ground rules. No penetrative sex, just helping out... which had quickly fallen by the wayside and he had begged and even proved to the alpha he remained lucid enough to make that decision by getting up and making them drinkable coffee, before he had been gloriously fucked to their mutual satisfaction. For the first time of many.

But the rest of the rules stood - no knotting, no mating bites, no bonding. They used the toy a couple of times before Will had started his begging, and he'd barely held it together enough not to beg to be knotted, but the toy had sufficed there. For now.

For now. Was where his mind kept going. Because this really had felt inevitable. Everything about this felt easy and good and not at all what he imagined it would be like to finally be tied down to an alpha. To allow that dependency on someone else to see him through his heat. Because that wasn't what it felt like at all, it didn't feel, as he assumed it might, like he was giving over control. If anything, attentive and caring Hannibal was completely focused on making his heat as phenomenally pleasurable as possible. Will had never imagined that that was how sharing a heat would be. He'd only ever imagined rough, raw, pounding and knotting in order to fulfil the biological need. Hannibal fulfilled the emotional need first and that was everything. He did his utmost to repay that pleasure and fulfillment and from the alpha's soft smiles and hard groans, he had succeeded.

They'd mostly been face to face and the alpha had nuzzled his neck and gazed into his eyes - cherished him. But just as good was the occasion when a sudden desperation had overtaken Will and he had presented himself to the alpha with a whine. He came twice, the first untouched, as Hannibal fucked him hard from behind and pressed him to the mattress, primal and hungry. It had almost been rough but even then the alpha had pulled out before knotting and replaced himself with the dildo, fucking Will on it as he then moved the omega onto his side and wrapped him in his arms. Hannibal had kissed Will deeply as he worked the faux knot into place and lay gentle touches across Will's heated flesh. Although he knew Hannibal expected nothing in return, he hadn't been able to help himself from slipping a hand between them and working the alpha's cock. After speeding up from his initially languid strokes, Will had moved his other hand to massage Hannibal's knot, holding firm as it started to inflate - squeezing it in the tight circle of his fist until the alpha had cried out and painted them both

with his seed. The look on his face had been bliss and Will couldn't wait to see it again and again.

During the lulls they'd eaten- starting with the food Will had made before Hannibal declared it unsuitable and had somehow cooked him an amazing dinner from random canned goods in his cupboard. They'd talked, laughed. They'd cuddled. Will was suddenly a cuddler for the first time in his life.

They'd talked about their pasts to some degree, their lives, their hopes for the future. Hannibal discussed his plans to go into psychiatry eventually. Will talked about giving up the coffee shop to fix boat motors - he'd been doing it all his life, it was relaxing, less interaction with people and in some ways more satisfying than teaching - to see something mended and complete rather than blood and death.

They'd finally talked about what this was between them. Because once you've had someone's cock down your throat it seemed weird to be shy about having a relationship talk, as Will might have been under other circumstances.

Going slow and seeing where it went was the option they decided on, even though it was clear that despite three days of fucking and Will's heat being pretty much over, Hannibal had no intention of leaving anytime soon. He had actually unpacked the duffel he'd brought with him and seemed right at home. Commented several times on how warm Will's place seemed in comparison to his own large and empty house. Will had snorted a laugh, made jokes about his seven dogs certainly keeping the place small and crowded. He'd noted Hannibal's slight flinch and then smile - he'd need to work on that. His dogs were part of the package.

"No." Hannibal laughed in reply - breaking Will's thoughts. "When I took up the teaching post I was at a loss with what to do with my hands. When I gave up surgery I transferred my passion for anatomy into the culinary arts." He raised a hand and splayed it as he spoke, Will mirrored with his own over the top of the alpha's. "Which includes very basic coffee making skills."

"Basic?" Will laughed. "You're a coffee god compared to my totally basic skills."

Hannibal turned to him then with a serious expression. "My dear Will, I feel it would be wise to begin our relationship as we mean to go on - with complete honesty... and honestly, your coffee making skills are far less than basic."

"You're such a rude jerk." Will laughed. "And here I was going to let you knot me later now I'm not so sure..." Hannibal was on him then, growling and rolling him roughly. He was still slick enough to take it and wouldn't be fertile now his heat was over. Hannibal kissed him hard, a deeper hunger he'd clearly been holding back during Will's heat, maintaining a sort of polite distance. Will's heart warmed at that. He kissed the alpha back - his alpha - he knew, no desire to fight it. He was pretty sure they'd be mated during his next heat, though it would probably take much longer than that for Will to perfect a pumpkin spice latte, even under Hannibal's tutelage.

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